

## The Old Skipper

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#### AFS 3403 A1

*[Note: The recording begins with an interview with Captain Nye which has not been transcribed due to its poor audio quality. The "Old Skipper" begins about 2 minutes and 25 seconds into the recording.]*

I'm an old canal boat skipper with black snake in hand, So fare you well, darling, my mules will not stand. The line's on the deadeye, for Portsmouth I'm bound, And I love the old towpath, best place I have found.

I've been on the lakes and the rivers, oh, boy, But my dear Silver Ribbon is the place I enjoy. 'Tis a life oh so matchless, each day new things born, And I love to boat wheat and the big yellow corn.

There's tanbark and hoop poles, wet goods, merchandise, Clay, coal, brick and lumber, cordwood, stone, and ice. Yes, all that was needed, we boated, dear pal, Best time of our lives we had on the canal.

I will not be a rover, for I love my boat, I am happy, contented, yet work, dream and float. My mules are not hungry, they're lively and gay. The plank is pulled in, we are off on our way.

On deck or the towpath I whistle and sing, To the soft roaring rivers or rippling of spring. My rapture is boundless, a taste from on high, And dear Mother Nature with kind dancing eye.

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We never get weary of this matchless life, Our hearts are as feathers and blessing so right.  
With needs once supplied we are always at home, And those that don't like us can leave  
us alone.

Yes, all kinds of people I meet now and then, But I am no angel yet would be a man. For  
space ??? loves diamonds, I know them of old, They rob my poor pockets of silver and  
gold.

I played for a nickel, I played for a dime, I won all the money and mixed it with mine. I've  
gambled in Cleveland in Portsmouth the same, But gambling don't pay for you lose it  
again.

My bed is not feather, soft cotton, no, no, But I love my old fiddle, mouth organ and jewels,  
I live my own life 'tis the best I can do, And if you don't like me I'll never harm you.

*[Note: Nye repeats first verse.]*

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